

Memory.

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BY CHARLES B. CORY.

In a little vine-clad cottage, in a village by the sea,
There dwelt a little maiden who was all the world to me ;
Her eyes were filled with happy tears, her gentle voice was low,
As she whispered that she loved me, in the days of long ago.

Do not forget me ; remember, I'll be true.

There's no one else in all the world I'll ever love but you.

Her happy laugh comes back to me ; I seem to see her still,
As she wandered 'mid the daisies on the cliff behind the mill ;
Or when on moonlight evenings I took her for a row
To gather water-lilies, in the days of long ago.

Do not forget me ; remember, I'll be true.

There's no one else in all the world I'll ever love but you.

They tell me she is sleeping in the village by the sea ;
That never more again in life her lips will speak to me ;
But often in the twilight, in whispers soft and low,
I hear again her gentle voice as in the long ago.

Do not forget me ; remember, I'll be true.

There's no one else in all the world I'll ever love but you.

MEMORY.

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